

Doug Jones and Clive Gresswell

## Western Gull

A deposition written on a pipe; the western gull, it is a thieving bird, a liar. Do not trust a thing it does, or tells you, she is sick. Hangs off currents, feeds in the interstitial upper mantle. He flies, a dark glaucous. The western grey she does this + worse to clear the head, forget, it caws with all the birds a flogging eats up + on. They child from the inside, while its mother watched, 3 eggs. Phone the law

Have thought about this. Junk. All those trash moves. We will not die the man at the edge of it, that liar. Is about unresolved pathology we must have, we are. We look for addictions that never adjust us. See. Our bloated lives face that fall through the narrative + out. See we are not to be cured, never, we steep a bad blessing. Not heavens as such but there is the illness - in the light - in the gull.

Scramble to recover a unit. Before the rising there was. Something grew a child. It nested there deep in the longing. Regurgitated the fluid. Slept on under an exhausting moon. His half of the jigsaw an adult remnant. Drs glided lofty in the corridors. One alone was an angel. Its dusted wings grazed by the gull. He wrote a prescription based on his description. Based on his description he wrote a prescription. Hallowed be its name. outside of the inner circle prayers were said. Nearly Christmas as the oxygen would have it. It was snowing and his blood was juice thin. Magic was the only hope. The magic of a child's hope. But who would phone the law?

What is sickness for? Driving into work once, I overtook a bus going on the slip road to the main road, A47 - was thinking of nothing. Then, at the Acle roundabout I went again - but there was a bus. Was it that bus? It looked the same, was moving in the same way. Between life and death. Nothing is the same. We have crossed over into pathology, patient x - alcohol dependent, this is a bus to work.

Then there is alleyways and royalty. The infirm signed the papers but by that time they were all ghosts of the former. Later she examined the creature's eyes. The creatures extracted any emotion. They were all deeply sorry. The drs who were no less than human exhumed particles of flesh. They kept digging deeper + deeper. Into the impenetrable spaces between atoms. Time and again the swellings burst pustules. But the politicians insisted there wasn't a problem here. Yet his widow was ragged with tears. You'll end up with a two-tier health system warned the jailbirds. But surely that's better than nothing? No, the police must be told.

### Lying eyes

The pipework lay in tatters. No-one could tell the imposter. It was a sadness for the whole of the carriage. Where had they been + who had transgressed. Russell brand reached for the remote. His eyes widened at the news. Those lying eyes a bauble. The drs huddled together but could not agree a diagnosis. Poor chap only had 1 leg. This was against the law. The unwritten law. Stars in the hemisphere collided. They did not have an answer. Some called for the laughing gas. The surgeon pointed out that the guidebook was in Japanese, a language he did not speak. They were ill-prepared for the spread of the sickness. It throbbed deep in the veins. Country is going to rack and ruin they declared in unison. But headline writers got there first. RAC + ruin they bled. Into the mirrors. Noel was about to phone the law. But his was an unwritten constitution. Never mind wherever he is he's in his element they agreed. What's all this about elephants asked the sergeant. No one heard him.

A beast with his mouth Wide open. So, when you look, you can see the spinal cord fused with that of a man. That beastcord innervates me. watch me dance. Watch me stretch, catch a fly up with one animal slam the Merc in reverse, finish up at the base of a forest tree. With barky skin a toad. Learn all kinds of things about the ganglion switches back. About the beast with His vast car so my ware.

Wide open to interruption the skin nodules. Bursting into the stratosphere. The wires to the brain were taut. One politician bled pretty much into another. News item faded into gore of news item. Which one of the royals is stable? Your guess is as good as mine one lawyer said to the rest. Your guest is as good as time rewound elephants which had strayed from the park. Some were the same. Others guessed at the disease. Drs danced in the foyer. Such a scandal roared Geoffrey. A monumental waste of NHS resources was reported. One a tory the other was labour. Covid was the leveller. It saw the beast. It was also the beast. It lurked deep in the membrane

fluid. Something more than human roared. It had come for Russell brand. Delicate in its nature the blood-let. Inflation more than crippled. Can't use that word.

Your naughty boy is playing up again. You're done in and your mother's sick and old. Have to look after her. But where are you - spark? To do one thing after another, forever, + so worried about your daughter. Then. Who are you? There's no way can reasonably express the mixture of love, anguish. Human universe. In holes the fall through the imperium goes on around, washes through - every day  
It's a background cluster of cancer cells. Efforts to escape the gas of debate clear the bombed-out hospitals. Let us claim a jingoistic victory once more. Encrusted brown marks on the skin. He said he loved her. More than once or at least twice. Look after your mother little bird. Even if you can't get her to the phone anymore. Ring a ring a roses. Atichoo etc. then they all fell down. The western gull preens itself. Takes its wing. The same old cues. The same old news. Some seek out the fledgling flight. In another seedy part of town bar-room brawls break-out. Stand and deliver says his conscience. Droning on + on. These savage victories. Each a cancer cell. Advertises on the telly.

The pipework lies in tatters as the western gull preens its daughters. Like the same old formulation. The same old formulation. Read it in the headlines. Gaza have we been here before? The ambulances + in doctors arrive far too late. They rushed in to where he lay crazed + purple-hearted on the dance floor. He was petrified + spoke of the ways of witches + vampires. There were stories too of the old parliamentarians before the age of destruction. "We get the governments we deserve" gargled the shooting victim. The knife victim. The western gull let out a great cry + flapped its wings. It would try again. The same old ordeal. Words of comfort strangled in the mouth. He would never be the same. He was always different.

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